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SONGS OF
COMFORT

Songs of Comfort

BY
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Behold, all the land is before thee :
whither it seemeth good and convenient
for thee to go, thither go.

— *Jeremiah 40 : 4.*

AFTERGLOW

There is nothing but love in my heart to-night—
Nothing but love and peace,
For a sense of God's goodness has touched my
thought,
Bidding its discords cease,
And as one who drinks a refreshing draught
From the spring on the mountain side,
I have quenched my thirst at this open fount,
And at last I am satisfied.

I have climbed but a very little way,
Yet the outlook is grand and true,—
E'en the clouds that surround me are full of light,
And the glory is breaking through,
I do not expect they will *disappear*
Till I stand on the sun-kissed height
Where the dear one stands, who has shown the way
Wherein I rejoice to-night.

Oh! Loving Spirit, abide with me!
Make me loving and kind, I pray,
To comfort the hearts who have need of love,
And who famish beside the way.
May I lay on the altar of Love Divine
My all, and in serving thee,
Find the only thing that can satisfy
For time and eternity.

ASSURANCE

I know not how the spring transforms the earth;
Clothes with fresh green the fields so brown and
sear,

And yet with joy I see this wonder wrought
Year after year.

I know not how the lilies know the hour
To lift their heads and greet the morning sun,
And yet I know their petals do unfold
At early dawn.

I know not how, but when the Father's love
Unto a human heart has been revealed,
That heart grows Christ-like, meek, forgiving,
pure—
The sick are healed.

But this I know! that this indwelling love
Will all our limitations put aside,
Till through its action we shall see on earth
God glorified.

And in proportion as our daily life
Finds its adjustment to the Father's plan,
We shall be channels whence the healing love
Shall flow to man.

AN EVENING THOUGHT

Oft at the close of the busy day
When I see its duties all complete,
I love to turn from its cares aside
And rest awhile at the Master's feet.

I love to remember He is my God,
Not a far-off name full of awe and fear,
But a living presence which fills my heart,
And a powerful friend, who is ever near.

I love to remember His tender care,
Planning each step that my feet have trod,
Out of the darkness of error's night
Into the light of the sons of God.

'Tis sweet to remember I am His child,
In His image and likeness, pure and free,
Not created to suffer, and sin, and die,
But to live and rejoice through eternity.

I know if I fill my thought with Truth
There will be no room for doubt and fear;
If I faithfully do my part each day
I am helping to bring His kingdom near.

Then with grateful thanks for the lessons learned—
So needful and helpful—every one,
I can take up, with courage, my work again
And know all is well when God's will is done.

THY WILL BE DONE

Love walks beside us every hour;
We never are alone.
Left to ourselves our feet would stray
Into the paths unknown,
But Love will lead us all the way
If we will follow and obey.

How often when some cherished wish
By wisdom was denied,
We, in our wilfulness, have mourned
And were not satisfied.
But when the Horeb heights we gained
Love's wise withholding was explained.

Or when perchance our stubborn will
Accomplished what it planned,
When what we thought earth's fairest flowers
Were ashes in our hand,
We learned, when forced to drink the gall,
Love's way was better after all.

'Tis not blind fate which marks our path,
But Love's unerring hand
Which brings us, oft by unsought ways,
Into the dear home land.
Through pastures green; o'er hillsides bare;
Love guides our footsteps everywhere.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF PEACE

There's a beautiful land of rest and peace
Which lies very near to us all.

We have felt its charm. When our thought was
still

We have heard its voices call,—

They joined in the song when our hearts rejoiced;
They cheered in the hours of pain;

And oft in the midst of our busy days

We have heard the sweet refrain:

Open your eyes to the good at hand!
Learn to be always glad.

God gave us joy when He gave us life—
Oh, why should our hearts be sad?

We need not climb to the vaulted skies

The kingdom of God to seek,

For the King of Love has His throne to-day

In the lives of the pure and meek.

And every life by His spirit ruled

Is known by its daily deeds—

A love so pure it will heal and bless,

And a faith that knows naught of creeds.

Oh, tired heart! Oh, sorrowing one!

Come, dwell in this land of peace!

Where burdens fall, and where tears are dried,

And where strife and discords cease.

The perfect God and the perfect man

Dwell not in earth's fleeting dream,

For the real man is the child of God,

Untouched by the things that seem.

IN HIS NAME

“Look up and not down” as the days go by.
Look up to the stars and the bright, blue sky.
Let a smile and a kind word displace the frown.
Don’t go through the world with your heart
 bowed down.

“Look out and not in,” for this world of ours
Will have never a thorn when all scatter flowers.
When in others’ welfare a joy we know
We shall carry the sunshine where’er we go.

“Look forward not back.” The present alone
Is the only moment that we can own,
For the past is gone with its tear or song,
And the future days unto God belong.

“And lend a hand” to the ones in need.
Our love for the Master is shown in deed,
And a cup of cold water in His name given
Shall bring a reward in the coin of Heaven.

MY DUTY

'Tis not my task to feed the fowls of heaven;
Nor clothe the lilies in their garments white;
Nor paint the rainbow in the clouds at even;
Nor deck the meadows with their blossoms bright.

'Tis not my task to criticise my brother,
And watch his progress with a jealous eye;
To envy the possessions of another,
And let my flowers of promise droop and die.

My duty is to live that each to-morrow
Shall find me farther on my heavenly road;
To cheer and bless some fellow-man in sorrow;
To help some weary brother bear his load;

To do each day that duty which lies nearest,
Whether the work to do be great or small,
Making that deed which blesses someone dearest,
Because God sees, and knows, and loves us all.

'Tis mine to know the Father is beside me;
To feel His loving touch and hear His voice;
'Tis mine to heed the Wisdom that would guide me,
And ever in His presence to rejoice.

Thus, only, can I live the life of Heaven;
Thus find my place within the plan divine,
By living love, as love to me is given,
And letting Heaven's radiance through me shine.

OUR SUPPLY

Love Divine, that knows no measure;
Dearest prize that life has known!
Rich indeed is our condition
When this priceless pearl we own.

When the clouds are dark above us,
And we see not how to go;
When the changing winds of error
Try to drive us to and fro;

If we listen for the Master,
And with patience learn His will,
He will still the noise and tumult
With His gentle, "Peace be still."

Are we hungry? He will feed us
With His manna from above,
And a table spread before us
In His house of boundless love.

Are we weary? He is with us,
And our strength He will supply;
Though His rod and staff now chasten
They will comfort by and by.

Sick, and poor, and lone, and wretched
Our condition cannot be,
For the Master walks beside us,
As He walked in Galilee.

In His perfect love and wisdom
He controls life's least event.
So within His habitation
Let us dwell, and be content.

AN AWAKENING

Father, Thou source of life and joy,
How near Thou art!

Thy presence, with its peace, enfolds
My waiting heart.

Thy love my strength and comfort is—
My refuge sweet;
Within that love I wake and find
A life complete.

Thou hast the words of endless life
Which bless and heal;
Thou canst the clouds of sense dispel
And Soul reveal.

Death never can the truth unfold
Nor set me free,
My only hope of freedom lies
In knowing Thee.

Then may I humbly, lovingly
Learn to obey
That one whose life of sacrifice
Has shown the way.

And when this human heart of mine
Cries “Earth is drear!”
Grant me that child-like trust which *knows*
That Thou art near.

AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER
COMFORTETH

As her child the mother comforts,
Dries his tears upon her breast.
So our Heavenly Father comforts,
Soothes the heart and gives it rest.

There can be no empty future!
Love hath every moment filled!
Jesus proved this ever-presence —
Walked the wave; the tempest stilled.

Love Divine, which through the ages
Hath supplied His children's needs,
Still supplies sweet consolation,
And the heart's great hunger feeds.

That same love which guards the sparrow
Surely will protect His own,
And will fill the heart with gladness.
When, to sense, we walk alone.

For the Heavenly Father loveth
With a love beyond man's ken,
By His love our lives are governed
And He knows no "might have been."

A CRADLE SONG

Little one, day is done,
Birdies have ceased to sing,
Each in his nest in the leafy tree
Hides his head under his wing.

Stars appear bright and clear,
Like little lamps of love,
Bidding us turn from the darkness of earth
Up to the lights above.

Baby mine, Love Divine
Fatherly watch will keep,
Guarding us safely from every harm
Whether we wake or sleep.

When at last night is past
Shadows will melt away,
So shall we lose in a morn without clouds
All of earth's shadows gray.

TO - DAY

Love has prepared for thee
 All that is best.
Patiently, trustingly,
 In this thought rest.

Thou canst not lose thine own—
 God's gifts to thee,
Through all eternity
 Thine own shall be.

Struggles and trials are
 But for a day,
Soon will triumphant Truth
 Sweep them away.

God's own ideas will
 Ever abide,
Till we awake transformed,
 Blessed, satisfied.

Then, why the past regret?
 The future fear?
Since God's own time is *now*
 All good is *here*.

Love has in store for thee
 All that is best.
Faithfully do thy part
 And in Love rest.

PROTECTION

“There shall no evil befall thee,”
Is the blessed assurance of Him
Whose love watcheth over His children;—
Whose vision can never grow dim.
Can the God who hath formed thee forget thee?
Can He fail to protect and defend?
In His word He has given the promise,
“I will be with thee unto the end.”

He will hide thee within His pavilion
From the strife of ambition and pride.
Though the young lions lack and know hunger,
God’s children in plenty abide.
“No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling,”
Habitation in God thou hast made,
And what can molest the Almighty?
Or make His dear children afraid?

Then fear not, oh my soul, though against thee
Be gathered the forces of sin!
God’s Truth is thy shield and thy buckler,
His might shall the victory win.
And from all that would touch thee, to harm thee,
Thou art kept by an Unseen Hand,
While the pillars of cloud and of fire
Lead the way to the Promised Land.

BROTHERHOOD

All men are brothers, and God is their father;
He made the earth, with its fullness, for all.
In His pure sight only meekness is mighty;
Beyond His care not a sparrow can fall.

His is the gold; His is also the silver;
His are the flocks on a thousand green hills.
From the grand orb-of-day to the spring by the
wayside—
All is His own; each His purpose fulfills.

Man gains no riches by robbing his brother;
Nor grows he poor when supplying his need.
Each can enjoy but the portion God gives him;
None may increase it by scheming and greed.

Why should we strive for the wealth that must
perish?
Why freeze our hearts for the hard, yellow gold?
Gold never purchased one smile of affection,
Nor could it kindle a friendship grown cold.

Love is God's coin, with His image upon it.
"In God we trust" is its motto and sign.
This is the coin which is current forever,
Made in the mint of a nature divine.

Then, brother man, seek love to your brother!
Cease from this warfare, this hatred and strife!
Be not content with earth's common self-seeking!
Rise in the strength of a Love-governed life.

AN OFFERING

Upon Thine altar, Lord of Love,
Humbly I lay my human will.
Thou only canst my path direct,
And Thou alone my longing still.

Through all the changes of the past
Thy care hath every good bestowed.
Thy presence sweetened every joy,
And lightened every weary load.

For all Thy loving kindness, Lord,
What worthy thing have I to give?
But love to all Thy children dear
And daily gratitude to live.

Grant only this,—that I may see
The Saviour's footsteps in the way,
Then be the pathway rough or smooth
Gladly I'll follow and obey.

SUNSHINE

The day is bright and warm and cheery;
The birds in their singing are never weary;
The buds burst forth on the apple trees;
The fragrance of springtime is on the breeze;
And the day is bright and cheery.

My heart is light and glad and cheery;
The love of my Father is never weary;
His presence makes all my burdens light;
With His bow of promise the sky is bright,
And my heart is light and cheery.

Look up, dear friend, with a sweet confiding,
In the garner of Love is thy wealth, abiding,
Contentment is Heaven's best gift to all,
Into each day some blessings fall—
Some cause to be glad and cheery.

STAY IN YOUR HEAVEN

Stay in your heaven! Don't venture abroad
In the highways and byways to roam,
But in the sweet presence of thoughts that are true
Let your heart find its shelter and home.

The highways and byways are filled with a throng
Of thoughts that can never be still,
And like a brown leaf in the October gale
They will bear you away at their will.

They will make all the good that is yours seem so
small
It is scarce worth a thought to retain,
While the false, fleeting joys they uphold to your
view
You would labor in tears to obtain,

And when once you are out of your heaven of peace
They will rob you of all that is fair;
They promise you freedom to do as you please,
And, instead, give you labor and care.

But in the sweet presence of thoughts that are true
There is strength for the work of the day;
They fold their white wings round the world-weary
heart
And take all its burdens away.

STAY IN YOUR HEAVEN

CONTINUED

Sweet flowers of gratitude bloom by the path
From the ashes of hopes that were dear,
While a calm, loving trust in the goodness of God
Takes the place of your doubt and your fear.

The thoughts which flow out from this quiet abode
Are mighty to bless and to heal;
For only the thoughts that in heaven abide
Can the blessings of heaven reveal.

Then stay in your heaven! Don't venture abroad
In the highways and byways to roam,
But in the sweet presence of thoughts that are true
Let your heart find its heaven and home.

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